

The Gleaner



Graduation Number

**February,
Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen**

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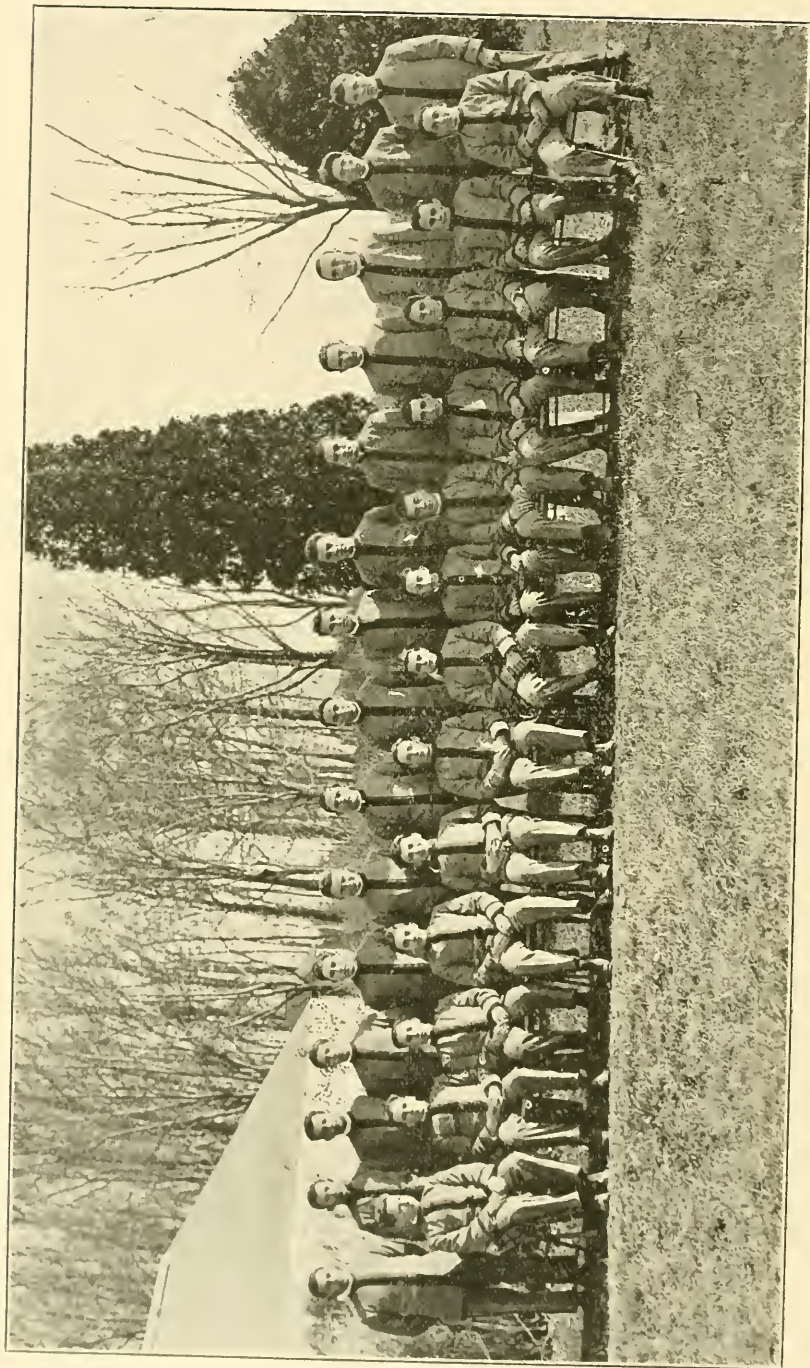
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THE GRADUATES

Program Class of 1916

CLASS NIGHT,

February 26, 1916

SEGAL HALL AUDITORIUM

Cecil J. Toor, Chairman

Song—Colors of N. F. S...School

Salutatory.....Samuel J. Billig

HistoryBenj. Wade

Prophecy.....Benj. Kesselman

Music.....Senior Mandolin Club

Knocks and Boosts,

Nathan Magram

Will.....Samuel Dorfman

Presentation of the "Hoe,"

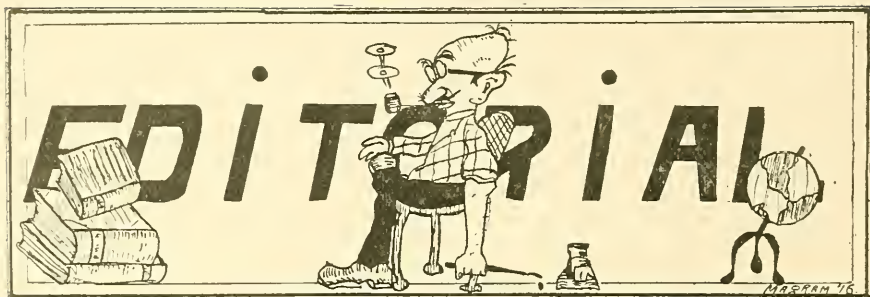
Cecil J. Toor

Farewell Poem.....Louis Kaskin

Valedictory..Victor K. Fischlowitz

Delivered by Solomon Shapera

Song—Farewell Class



The Gleaner

MAXWELL BARNET, Editor-in-Chief

NATHAN GOLUB, Literæ

CHAS. WAGNER, JR., Athletics

HARRY SHUFFMAN, Exchange

ISAAC SHAPIRO, Business Manager

ABRAHAM CAMEN, Advertisements

ABRAHAM GOLDSTON, Agriculture

WM. NAEFOCH, Class and Clubs

BENJ. SMITH, Art

JOSEPH LEVITCH, Circulation

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In a few days we are to witness the graduation of twenty-eight students of this school, who are to take their stand in the agricultural world. They are to reap the reward of three years of toil—yet joy—which they have had while at this school.

Go to it! That is the only plain, bare, yet comprehensive advice that we can offer you. Show all that what you have done in the upholding of the school's honor on

the diamond, gridiron and track, you can also do on the field of your chosen vocation.

You have the distinctive honor of being the largest graduating class the National Farm School has turned out. May you be as strong individually as you are fraternally.

Graduation! What a significance that lone word has! What does it really mean? It means the summoning of all that is in you. It means, manliness!

But not only has that word a relationship toward the exit of the 1916 class, but it has a direct bearing upon us who are to follow in your footsteps. To us it means one more step to that little word "success."

The present Junior class is now to take the role of Seniors, which, in other words, means efficiency, manliness and responsibility.

May the present Freshmen enter into their Junior year, for they, too, will soon have to follow the hardships which lie in the road to a successful career.

Now, dear grads, a word with you 'ere you leave us. You have supported all the school activities while you were within its walls. All we ask of you is to co-operate with us. Subscribe to THE GLEANER! Help us to make it a better issue each and every month. Learn what your schoolmates are doing here, while you are far, far from their sides. Be here in spirit.

No matter where you are or what you do, spread the honor and glory of the National Farm School along the way.

Good-bye, dear grads, good-bye!

"Ring out the old, ring in the new." This may truly be referred to the present status of THE GLEANER staff.

The old staff has just completed one year's hard work. They have overcome many obstacles in the hope of making our paper one that could rank with the best of high school papers.

The new staff has a very big task ahead of them. Not only are they to edit a better school paper than in former years, but they are handicapped by only having three men who have had experience along this line during the previous year.

In order to work in full harmony, we would like every one to co-operate, especially the student body.

Our alumni can be of assistance in letting us know how they like the paper, giving suggestions and so forth. They will be highly appreciated.

We would like to have a full page of alumni notes each month. So, former grads, get busy and let us know what you are doing.

Although most of us are in our "teens," the faculty still regards us as children. Mr. Bishop is teaching the Seniors "Feeding." Mr. Allman conducts a "Nursery" for the Juniors, while Mr. Prouty administers "physics" to the Freshmen five times a week.

Miss B.—"How do you distinguish between the eggs of the

snowbird and those of the meadow lark?"

Dutchy—"The egg of the snowbird consists of a yellowish yolk incased in a speckled exterior called a shell, while within the shell of the meadow lark's speckled egg you will find a peculiar yellow substance called the yolk."

Miss B.—"Excellent."

SALUTATORY

SAMUEL J. BILLIG.

Mr. Chairman and Friends: We have almost come to the end of our stay at the National Farm School. Within a very few days we will all have parted on our various ways—to success—I hope. At this time we feel like the prodigal son, who is about to start on his journey, not knowing where to go nor what awaits him. We have that feeling of lonesomeness which only those who were in the same position as we are tonight can appreciate. We must bid farewell to our Alma Mater, the school which for three years has been our home and has harbored us through joy and sorrow. We must say good-bye to our teachers, friends and associates. It's hard to leave it all.

But with all this comes a feeling of elation, a feeling of joyful pride. We have now reached the end of our boyish days—our school days. We are leaving the school in which most of us have received our final education. We are men now. Here, we were given the opportunity to prepare ourselves to meet the world. Few of us know how to fight it, but all of us know that it is going to be a fight.

For three years we prepared ourselves for this event, and now when we are about to graduate we feel ready and fit to play the game. What the outcome will be, how much of a success we will make remains to be seen. We hope and

pray for the best.

As graduates of an agricultural school we probably have an advantage over graduates of other schools. An agricultural education trains not only the mind, but also the muscle. Is there any doubt that a man who can use his hands as well as his mind has the advantage over the one whose training has been confined to mere theory?

On this occasion we get the chance of thanking those who have given us this wonderful opportunity. To Dr. Krauskopf belongs the credit of opening the doors of this wonderful institution. It is entirely beyond my power in the use of words to express our gratitude and appreciation we have towards him. All I can say is, "We thank you." We only hope that God will give him the power to make this school the realization of his dreams. I know he will be happy then.

We wish to thank Dr. Washburn, Professor Bishop, and the rest of the worthy faculty, for the kindly advice they gave us and for the interest they have taken in us throughout our stay here. We also thank our matrons for the motherly care they gave us. Friends, we leave you soon with the inspiring words of Edward Everett Hale as our motto.

"Look up and not down, look out and not in, look forward and not back—and lend a hand."

HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF 1916

BENJAMIN WADE.

The history of the class of 1916 did not commence when the 2.18 and 3.20 trains, heavily burdened with some nuts from New York and specimens from Philadelphia, pulled into the Farm School station, but the origin can be traced to the dialogue between Hancharow and Kesselman that took place in the train as it passed Wayne Junction. It was there that the former, who was destined to be an automobile crank, with ambitions for a subway guard, revealed his intentions of studying agriculture, and was on his way to this mental sanitarium to join the other twenty-one sturdy youths who threatened to overstock the field of scientific and practical agriculturists. Our history is considerably advanced when these twenty-two youths, among whom the genus "hobo" and "agricultural type" were fairly well represented, escorted by the brawny armed upper classmen were climbing with trembling feet the hill that led to Segal Hall.

In this hall, on the 17th of March, 1913, Fleishman, alias Fleisher, started the roll and headed the class—not in either brightness, brain or ability, but ambition, namely, a gang boss. Ben Ezrin, who had a natural inclination toward domestic science and nursery work, and who for these reasons later entered Professor Eaton's poultry

department, was second to be enrolled. Wolf, a real exponent of the "agricultural type," came third, and has assumed the convict number 380. The list grew, but soon terminated with Dorfman, whose ambitions were as big as his appetite.

We were happy on that day. Our thirst for work was very ardent. The upper classmen, discovering this natural trait in us, urged us to help them in their various tasks and bring them "Young's leverage," "Malcolm's leg-puller," or ask Doc for titrate of tellurium. Some of us very faithfully assisted in the cleaning of heifers' teeth and in searching for a lost plough in the haymow. On March 21st we were all made honorary members of the S. S. A. and several degrees were conferred upon us.

Realizing that the National Farm School is a sort of a melting pot and that there is strength in union, we organized, and for the first time in the history of Farm School, on April 4, the class of 1916 was in its embryo.

April 4th marked the most conspicuous, most important and most eventful day in our history. On that day we were organized, on that day Hyman Schweitzer hurdled off the train and landed safely in the Main Building. Later a wireless message disclosed the

fact that this personage distinguished himself in the field of Cleveland oratory and literature, and that his intentions were to acquaint our barn occupants with Shakespearean tragedy. On the same day, Stamen, a half-baked Boston bean, made his appearance on the campus. Then in rapid succession, Solomon Shapera, the boy wonder of New York, and Abe Klevansky, with a well-fertilized crop of red-top meadow grass on his dome, appeared on the scene. Shortly afterwards, Billig, an authority on well-shaped and white-breasted chickens, made his appearance. Later, it was discovered that, after graduation, he expected to follow the occupation of chicken inspector. Rubinoff, a callow youth, with an oriental physiognomy, after assuring the immigration authorities of the school that he did not arrive from Japan, but from the smoky city of Pittsburgh, was allowed to land safely. Many more were called to the arena, but few were chosen and finally our numbers settled to fifty-one.

At this time the hot summer days were about gone. Class room work had already commenced, and lo, behold we found ourselves badly inoculated with aphids and our heads overstocked with bugs. Some of the students, with an abundant stock of these articles, supplied them gratis for experimental purposes, and, with the aid of Professor Borden, who was added to the teaching staff, we made great progress.

So things slowly but surely progressed. We participated in all school activities, including farm

work, digestion of meals and nightly room inspections. Our class, as all classes previous, was not immune to natural selection, and we strongly adhered to God's holy law, the survival of the fittest. Seventeen would-be agriculturists have deserted our ranks. They thought that farming was too delicate and dainty a profession, and have, therefore, answered the "call of the wild," and went back whence they came, and thirty-four of us were left to start the Junior year.

Our second year was a prosperous one. The new class that arrived for a three years' vacation was welcomed by us with extreme kindness and brotherly love. Although they were Freshies, God made them, and we, therefore, let them pass as men and prayed for their welfare. This year was well spent in hard work and study, but at the same time athletics played a prominent part in our career. Some of our members with solid, non-fragile craniums, captured important positions in school athletic activities and we avenged the defeats we suffered the previous year in the interclass games. Some of our high-domed and brainy youths have gained recognition on THE GLEANER staff. In fact, this second year proved our worth. We were thoroughly imbued with the Farm School spirit.

Our third year in this institution of agricultural learning found us, despite the trials of adversity, earnestly resolved to continue the work once begun, and help this farming of ours along. Fishlowitz, with his brick-colored skull appendages, owing to the rare celebrity of a thick

head, with a well-developed mental apparatus, was at the beginning of the year initiated as a member of our class. Kaskin, who pleaded not guilty to the charge of belonging to the genus "homo" and was willing to supply the missing link, was also admitted to our ranks. This year made us noble Seniors, and dignity, awe and reverence followed us. As this year was the last stage in our mental uplift, we set to our task and worked laboriously, but as all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, we supplemented our course with plenty of play. At the

end of the summer we found our hearts aching and our souls longing for the Camp Arden damsels, who left us then to return to our daily task and drudgery. The following few months passed quietly, though sadly.

Now we number 27 men, plus Wade, who are about to face the world with all its intricacies, and all of us striving for the best.

We thank Providence that this history is a pleasant reflection of our life during the three years' stay at school, and we may profit by it.

PROPHECY

BENJAMIN KESSELMAN

While journeying through the British Isles I visited the Island of Guernsey. It was there that I purchased some valuable cattle as an addition to my herd in Connecticut. Owing to their merited qualities it was difficult to procure cows which surpassed all former records, but fortunately, to my great surprise, I overheard the proprietor's name, Solomon Shapiro. The name sounded familiar, and upon being introduced, can you imagine the joy I felt when two classmates meet after a lapse of ten years? Together we toured through his vast estate, talking over old times. He explained that his success was due to the earnest labors of his faithful superintendent, B. H. Ezrin, who developed the champion milk-

producing cow of the world, "Masie Middleton's Pride."

From there I proceeded to London to arrange for my homeward journey. As I entered the Ritz-Carlton, N. W. London, I was startled to hear my name called out, and upon turning about, there was H. Sweitzer laying claim to my friendship (who, by the way, was then employed as the doorman at the hotel). Naturally, I could not bear to see my classmate under such circumstances and I presented him with a four-figure check, payable at the Bank of Mexico, where Baron A. S. Feldman, according to newspaper reports, was recently elected president. The paper also stated that the financial standing of that institution was unfavorable.

but a report signed by P. Hancharow, treasurer, contradicted the above statement.

Upon leaving the hotel, I perceived an extensive sign displayed across the entire width of the street, but what arrested my attention was not the size nor the dominant colors, but the following announcement:

Tonight 7.30 P. M. Tonight
At the Royal Auditorium

B. Wade, of the Socialist Party
(Affirmative)
vs.

C. Abrams, of the Anarchist Party
(Negative)

Will debate the great civic question, "Resolved, That the Company of an Old Maid Is Preferable to an Ulcerated Toothache."

The fact that I had telegraphed my wife that I would arrive aboard the Mixed Star S. S. New Britain prevented my presence at the popular debate.

On the second day of my homeward voyage, I decided to investigate the mechanical department of the vessel, and upon inquiring for a guide, the chief engineer, whose voice and size proved to be that of C. J. Toor, responded. He congratulated me on my success and we soon drifted into the discussion of the newly proposed bridge across the Atlantic, emigration to the North Pole, the repeated failure of Woman Suffrage, Ben. Kesselman's possibility for president and other current topics. He also extended regards to me from L. J. Fleishman, who was first officer on the battleship Doylestown."

At last we passed the Statue of Liberty, which was resting wearily

against a post, disgusted with the failure of the enactment of Senator S. J. Billig's statute recommending pensions for aged and infirm cats.

I disembarked at Battery Park, where a jitney driver, who later introduced himself as J. Wolf, offered his services. A traffic cop, whose grace and gentleness impressed me as that of H. Citron, motioned us to stop. On recognizing us, he expressed his sympathy and regret, but duty-bound escorted us to the courtroom. We later learned that the odor and foul gases escaping from our "tin lizzie" was a violation of the city ordinance.

I never felt so much at home as I did that evening, when I found myself in a cell, with a space between the heavy iron bars disclosing an intimate scene. The immediate environment strongly resembled our former Segal Hall conditions. There was Bill Moreinis eagerly offering his hand, but it was all in vain—the width of the long hallway interfered. I also observed that his fellow-inmates, H. Stamen and Isaac Oxenhandler, each occupied neighboring cells. It grieved me to see those pioneers of Scientific Agriculture imitating the idle rich, but I was greatly relieved when I learned that for sixteen hours each day they cheerfully contributed their labors toward that enormous heap of cobblestones in the prison yard.

The following morning I was given an opportunity to plead my innocence. The judge, V. K. Fischlowitz, upon hearing my name called by the clerk, almost simul-

taneously ejaculated his loud decision of "not guilty." His "honor" later explained that my innocence was simply due to the fact that we were classmates.

Upon dismissal from the courtroom, and not being accustomed to the confusing streets of New York's "downtown," I unconsciously wandered into the Bowery. A pawnshop on this highway is nothing extraordinary, but when three gold balls are accompanied with the following sign: "Louis Kaskin lends money to the poor; bring your diamonds for security," you, too, would hesitate long enough to read it. To satisfy my curiosity, I entered, and without any signs of welcome a short primeval-looking man came toward me and said, "Mister, you look sick and worried, let me sell you a revolver," and then, recognizing me, he sprang forward and joyfully embraced me as he would his wife following a stroke of good business. We chatted for a while, but with thoughts of my wife at home, I soon bid him a hearty farewell.

During the last ten years many changes have taken place. I was surprised to see eighty-story skyscrapers replace such memorable mansions as the Bowery Mission, Maxy's Busy Bee and other such institutions I commonly frequented in my youth. Not being accustomed to the confusion, I decided to leave the city. Astonishment was beyond description. On my way to the railroad station I noticed the horsecars still in operation in competition with the "Aeroplane Transportation Co.," with huge aeroplanes flying to and fro directly above the car line.

Once again I was comfortably seated in the "Twentieth Century Limited" of the Erie R. R., which, by the way, has already eliminated the usual stops for repairs at every station. On entering the dining car, a richly attired gentleman met me with a questioning glance. His striking resemblance to one of my old classmates aroused my curiosity, and I decided to dine at the same table. Upon his remark as to the quality of the "spuds," I no longer doubted that it was Nathan Magram, the owner of the largest dairy herd in the country.

He explained to me that he accumulated his fortune with the aid of his knowledge of "animal breeding" he obtained from Prof. Bishop.

When I inquired for a reason of his not pursuing his previous intentions of poultry farming, he smiled wisely and replied that his wife and children depended solely upon him for support, and to avoid trouble with mother-in-law he was compelled to enter some profitable line of farming.

At the Richmondale Station Mr. Magram alighted, and as the station was an important one, the train waited quite some time. On walking out to the back platform to view the beautiful scenery, a short, sun-burned individual was patiently waiting for the train to pull up and allow him to proceed. He carried all his personal belongings in a red bandanna at the end of a heavy cane, balanced over his shoulder. It occurred to me that the towels I used to exchange with Mike Selecter bore a similar resemblance. His microscopic appearance greatly helped me to

identify my long-parted pal,

I offered him a somewhat more rapid manner of traveling, but he flatly refused, saying, "My fortune, the price of a square meal, will increase in proportion to the distance I cover while traveling to the Far West. He was already two miles west of the town of Philadelphia.

According to previous arrangements, I was to meet my wife at the terminal in the city of Reading and from there proceed for a short trip through the country. As the next train from the east was not due for fully two hours, I obtained a local newspaper and found comfort in the waiting room.

There were two very interesting articles I could not delay reading. One was that Arthur Levintow, a former Farm School student, was constructing the largest range of greenhouses in the eastern United States. The other item appeared under the "Social Swirl." It simply announced that Abraham Klevansky, the pretzel king of Reading, has been engaged to be married to the Steel King's daughter, Maggie Schmaltz. It certainly was a pleasure to know that good old Arthur and Abe had at last realized their ambitions.

The puffing engine arrived at the terminal and I hurriedly stepped aboard the train, where I was soon in the fond embrace of my loving wife. Our destination was Norrisburg, Montana. It was not long before the monotony of the journey was disturbed by the appearance of a short uniformed lad, who loudly displayed his salesman-

ship ability by announcing the contents of his basket.

His youthful voice betrayed his identity, for lo! behold! There stood Joe Ellner. However, his humble position would not interfere with my acknowledgement of an old acquaintance. I motioned him to follow me into the smoker, where I gave him a letter of recommendation to the president of that line, Mr. Harold Archibald Zack. No more events of any importance occurred until we finally arrived at Norrisburg.

We were gladly welcomed into the western town. Mortimer Harkavy, whom I met later, was the mayor of that burg, but during his spare time he had accumulated a young fortune in repairing injured umbrellas.

The spirit of travel soon overtook us and we decided to study life in the south. Accordingly, our next stop was at Rastusville, Alabama, where I inspected a prosperous and progressive cotton plantation. The owner of the plantation, Louis Rubinoff, boasted of the fact that his prosperity was the result of close economy, together with low-salaried employees.

We continued our observations of southern conditions by journeying in an automobile.

Jacksonville, Florida, proved to be a delightful city. It contained several fine places of amusements. To one of these I was tempted. At the entrance to the circus a short, dark-complexioned gentleman was proclaiming an elegant program, and concluded by announcing the admission fee.

It certainly was gratifying to know that Sam Dorfman's efficiency of the English vocabulary earned him a livelihood. Sam then offered his few spare moments in explaining to us the freaks and wonders exhibited within. He lost no time in introducing to us the champion snake eater of the world, Jack Goldman, who, as a sideline, also exhibited the prowess of his digestive system by swallowing glass, iron and other mere trifles. After exchanging a few remarks as to our old Alma Mater days, we parted.

We had not gone more than two miles when an unfortunate accident occurred. The gasoline tank

exploded, sending us sprawling to the ground.

At first I knew not where I was, and in a semiconscious condition I slowly opened my eyes. There stood Nate, Arty and Ezrin, vigorously shaking me and loudly promising that the five-minute bell for dinner was soon to ring. It was only then that I realized that I had had a long, peaceful slumber during one of Miss Borden's four-hour lectures on the Prototrophic Microbactereace.

Cheer up, fellows, it was only a dream. Here is hope that we are all successful in our future undertakings.

FAREWELL SONG, 1916

Farewell, oh, Farm School.

We leave mem'ries dear

Of teachers and students

And three years full of cheer.

Now as we leave thee,

Our future to mold,

And struggle to uphold

Those colors—Green and Gold.

We came here as Freshmen,

With ignorance supreme;

As Juniors and Seniors

We cherished your esteem.

Good-bye, dear schoolmates,

Your mem'ries we'll caress,

Of days spent together

In dear old N. F. S.

VALEDICTORY

VICTOR KOPPLE FISHLOWITZ.*

Ladies and Gentlemen: I come before you now the valedictorian of the 1916 class. My message is a simple one, as the words I would utter are farewells. Yet the occasion demands more than that—merely saying goodbye is insufficient. We can hardly say why, for expression seems lost in the depths of our emotions at this hour. We face a paradoxical condition as thoughts of joy and sorrow come upon us in rapid succession, leaving our minds in a state of jubilant sadness.

This is the eve of graduation—we rejoice at the thought of the happy completion of our Farm School careers. At last our fondest anticipations have materialized. The long heralded day is dawning and we welcome it whole-heartedly. Only a brief span and we shall be out—out in the fray. Ah, but there comes the shadow of our joy. Crowding for a place, the thought of pain rushes in.

It seems that every joy the body is heir to must have its corresponding shadow—it appears that every human pleasure must have its accompanying pain. We think of the pleasantness of the changes about to occur in our lives, and the thought is balanced by that of grief of parting from friends and associations that have grown most dear to us.

We dream of the new fields that shall be open, happily contemplating the possibilities that this new view discloses. Yet such reflections are inseparable from memo-

ries of the past—memories that are more dearly cherished now as the old familiar scenes meet our gaze for perhaps the last time.

The world is beckoning: we are eager to secure our share of it. But amidst our zealous striving toward higher goals and higher ambitions we remain ever mindful of that which has been so intimately a part of our existence during the last three most impressionable years.

There will be new acquaintances—new friends. But we are painfully conscious that our coming hopes, successes, and pleasures are bought at the expense of our present relations with the various elements constituting the vital things at the National Farm School. Our futures depend upon the dissolution of the present. Dissolution. The idea induces regrets, dismay, yea, despair, until careful consideration shows us the “silver lining.” We have learned that the decomposition, the dissolution, so to speak, of one crop prepares for the healthy propagation of the following one. Of a surety there must be some reason why our hearts are burdened with the pains of our lives, especially those of parting. However, there is consolation in believing that the disbanding of our class and entire change of conditions is for the benefit of the coming crop.

Happily, this dissolution of which I speak does not include or necessitate oblivion of the joyous days gone by. Like the heavens in

*Delivered by S. Shapera.

the quiet hour of sunset, remembering the stars into their places, so shall we in our reminiscent moods remember all those who have contributed to our welfare.

Now, with a final word of sincerest thanks to Dr. Krauskopf, the board of directors, faculty and matrons, we bid you all a fond farewell.

PRESENTATION OF THE "HOE"

Sixteen years ago the first six students of this school graduated, and in their going they left behind this "Hoe."

What the thoughts of those men were at that time, can only be surmised. Executives of Senior classes before have, and those to come probably will, translate the meaning of this emblem in various ways.

Glancing through its history, we find that the green signifies the springtime when the earth is covered with a green blanket of tender shoots, and the gold for the sunshine and harvest when mankind reaps his reward. In conjunction with this we find one idea standing out prominently, namely, "to him who uses the hoe diligently and honestly, to him shall come success."

However, agriculture is progressing in leaps and bounds. Its deeper understanding and wider knowl-

edge opened a new field for scientists, business men, inventors, etc. Man from the beginning (as we studied under Professor Bishop) was a lazy animal and this laziness has been the incentive of him making his faculties useful. However, the use of the hoe means hard, monotonous work; thus the invention of machinery and the use of animal labor sprang into prominence.

So, Mr. Kaufman, to you, as president of the coming Senior class, I entrust this "hoe," with the admonition not to use it diligently, but to preserve it in memory of an agriculture that was.

With the delivery of this "Hoe," the reign of the Nineteen Sixteen Class ends, and a new regime, under your guidance, is born. Rest assured that you have our sincere wishes for an even more successful year than the one that we have had.

CECIL J. TOOR, *President.*

With the passing out of the 1916 class we are to lose the presence of our Post Graduate Henry Ross.

After perfecting himself during the past year in farm management, he is ready to take his stand in the world.

While at school he interested himself in the various school activities, especially football.

'Tere the gates of Farm School close upon him, we'll give our best wishes of success to dear old "Henny."

WILL OF CLASS OF 1916

SAMUEL DORFMAN

In the name of God, Amen: We, the Senior Class of the National Farm School of the County of Bucks, in the State of Pennsylvania, being of sane mind and disposing memory, and mindful of the uncertainty of life, after our graduation, do make, publish and declare this to be our last Will and Testament in manner following, that is to say:

Of the numerous properties and holdings in our possession we bequeath and dispose the following:

To one, William Lawrie Reid, Jr., whose physique is so weakened by the slightest exercise, so as to disable him from walking to Farm No. 3 each morning, yea, even arise from bed, but not affecting his well-known hearty appetite, we gladly bequeath Miss Abram's large stock of pills guaranteed to cure all cases of feigned diseases.

Unto Abe Frank, a bully good fellow to those who know him, we leave that which he has displayed and loved the most during the past year—the Bull. May he preserve it long and air it often, so that it will grow strong and fat, even as he has grown and adhered closely to its habits.

To Mr. Geo. Eaton, Jr., our dairy and poultry professor, whose heirloom handed down from George Washington, has ever been in his possession, namely, his black derby hat, worn out on all occasions and also round the rim, we bequeath the latest model brand new hat, which

one of our classmates has been trying to dispose of for the last three years.

To Miss Borden, the Biological professor, whose tireless speeches on Woman Suffrage, Bacteria and Educated Cats, in relation to Colds in the head (the first are cats, second catarrhs), interested all of us at some time, we bequeath and bestow upon her that which she craves for most—the welfare of THE GLEANER. May she not reverse this to its farewell.

To those of God's creatures who have eaten three cartridges a day for two years, in other words the erstwhile Juniors, we can only say, "all that you see is yours. Take it, preserve it," etc. (We refer you to Dr. Krauskopf's speech.) To you who have now clad yourselves with the dignity, becoming Seniors, we bequeath our seats in Segal Hall and Chapel. The Segal Hall Dormitories, where we spent many sleepless nights recently, worrying about your health, is disposed of to you. The large picture of Mr. Adolph Segal, whose efforts made this building possible, hangs in the auditorium. Keep it from all harm and show it often to visitors. The care of the lawns, Farm School's pride and joy, rests with you, Seniors. Keep it even greener than the incoming Freshmen.

Oh, Freshmen! You are now Juniors. The thought alone should swell you up with boundless joy

and indescribable emotions. Think of it, you are still living after a year of strife, trials and tribulations.

To you, dear Juniors, we leave the Freshies, the new unsophisticated Freshmen, with world-reforming ambitions. Please leave them in a peaceful state of being. Be considerate of their lack of agricultural knowledge. Teach them the intricacies of a fork handle and the complicated mechanism of a currycomb. Show them that almost-living equine, residing at the Main Barn, in the first box stall, Mr. Dory. Some one made mention of his remarkable resemblance to Toby. But isn't Toby dead? We could leave you plenty of advice. But why add vice? We leave you, two years before you will graduate. May these two years develop the latent talent in you, both in literature and in athletics.

Unto you, the entire student body, we leave the honor of the

school. We beseech you to uphold it on the gridiron, diamond, track and last, but far from least, in the scholastic and agricultural work. Co-operate with the members of the faculty in all their efforts for your betterment.

To our Teachers and Matrons we bequeath our appreciation and love for their earnest endeavors in our behalf.

In witness whereof, We, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen, in modest recognition of our genuine moral excellence and unlimited extravagances, have squandered all our worldly and spiritual effects and do bestow with profusion our personal estate on our legatees. Having now done our duty to the school, do hereby sign our names thereto and affix our seal this 26th day of February, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen.

Sworn to Before,

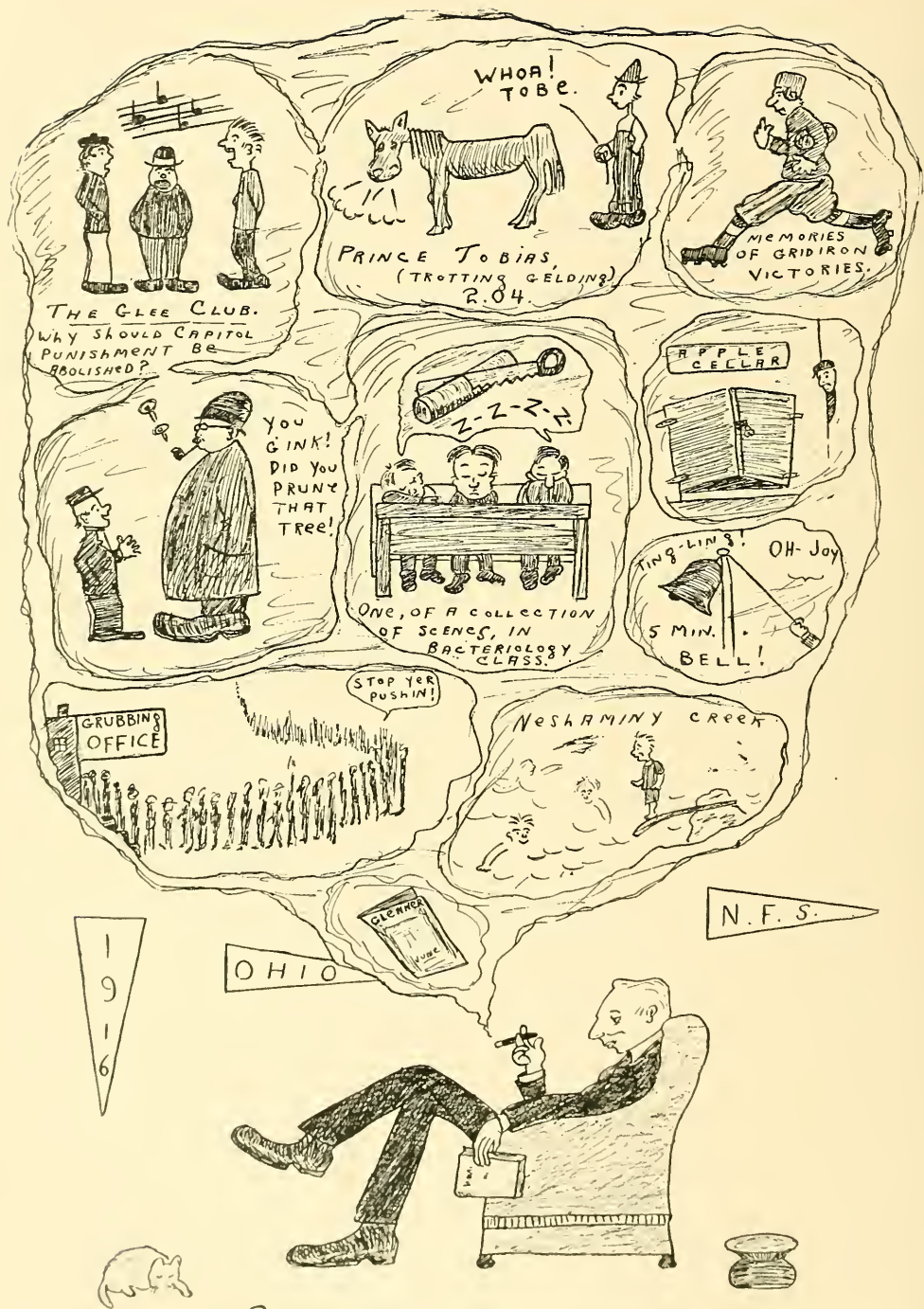
I. M. Lying, Notary Public.

"Cutty" was seen scraping off the carnation rust with a piece of sand paper.

"King" Hogan has an abscess on his brains.

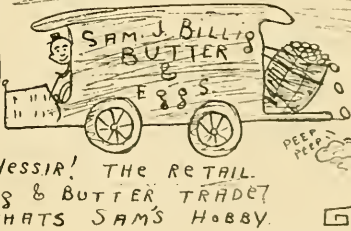
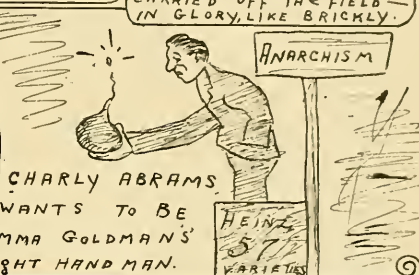
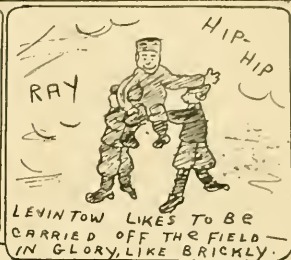
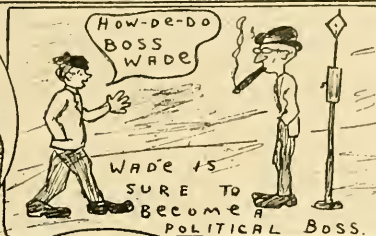
Citron—"Do all birds walk on their feet?"

Billig—"No; in New York some walk on silk stockings."



Sweet Memories In 1950. *Magnum '16*

If Ambitions came true.



KNOCKS AND BOOSTS--Nathan Magram '16.

NAME	DESTINY	AMBITION	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	NICKNAME	FAVORITE SPORT	BEST FRIEND
FLEISHMAN	Inventor.	Stump pulling agent.	It takes brains, boy.	Fleisher.	Performing Wonders.	Legal holiday.
SHAPIRO	2nd Ave., N. Y.	Rah! Rah! boy.	Nu! Lumirgain!	Solomon.	Auctioneering.	Hymie.
EZRIN	Night watchman.	Supporting a family.	Aw! Let me sleep.	Fat.	Boiling eggs in an incubator.	Mr. Harman Craft.
BILLIG	A Bizness man.	Undertaker.	It's against my conscience!	Sam.	Admiring September Morn.	Barrel of sauerkraut.
GOLDMAN	A. D. T.	Cowboy.	Aw! Gee!	Jack.	Skipping details.	Mr. Malcolm.
ELLNER	Anything.	Everything.	Boids.	Jo.	Sunday educational barn work.	Police Gazette.
KESSELMAN	John D.'s Partner.	All-American center.	What kin I sell you?	Benny.	Vocalizing 11 P. M.	5-minute bell.
OXENHANDLER ..	Chemist.	None.	Time to quit?	Oxy.	Sleeping.	The Freshies.
KASKIN	Human being.	Beauty.	Vy should I?	Chimpy.	Work.	The Bull.
DORFMAN	Actor.	6 ft. 2 inches.	It's in me.	Thambo.	Yapping.	Garibaldi.
HANCHROW	Victim of Nicotine.	Subway guard.	"Boiger, got any smokes?"	Hank.	Looking for a job	Pinnocle.
HARKWAY	I. W. W. leader.	Farmer.	"When I was in Siberia."	Mose.	Studying.	Nate.

CITRON	Piano mover.	Strong man in circus.	How sick I am, I'll swat you!	Cit.	Bailing pals out of jail.	Dorey.
MOREINUS	Hobo.	Spiritual advisor.	Let's study.	Bill.	Skipping freight trains.	The Football Guide.
WOLF	Bigamist.	Cabbage salesman.	Pass the Bived, please.	Jess.	Room bum.	Real money.
FISHLOWITZ	Heartbreaker.	Undecided.	Unfit for publication.	Vic.	Kidding Miss Borden.	Chimpie.
RUBINOFF	Laundryman.	Oriental ambassador.	I ain't talking to you.	Rube.	Compacting his bowels.	The shuffleboard.
SELECTOR	Manager for K. O. Schweitzer.	Salome dancer.	R—R—R.	Mike.	High life in Doylestown.	11.23.
MAGRAM	Cartoonist.	Not necessary.	When do we eat?	Nate.	Boosting poultry.	Warden Osborn.
TOOR	Diplomat.	Lots of it.	I ain't got no ap- petite.	Cecil J.	Arguing.	Florence.
SCHWEITZER	Pugilist.	Longshoreman.	Yca! Brutus!	Hymie.	Hurdling.	A. A. Constitu- tion.
FELDMAN	Bl. face comedian.	Hot ice cream manu- facturer.	Aw, G'wan!	Arty.	Working overtime.	Chelsea.
ZACK	Bugologist.	Peanut vender.	Showers open! My month's up.	Editor.	Cracking nuts.	Pork chops.
WADE	Ladies' cloak model.	Politician.	II R +Angle A B=	Bomber.	Occasionally a bath.	Andy Carnegie.
KLEVANSKY	Ossining.	Rabbi.	You're smart; I'm dumb!	Red.	Grubbing.	Apple cellar.
STAMEN	School mar'm.	Social reformer.	Aw, be awnest!	Chelsea.	Poker.	The Bible.
LEVINTOW	A man.	A football hero.	"I'm going to a girl's party."	Artha.	Photographing his physiognomy.	Miss Borden.
ABRAMS	Vernon Castle.	Stop the war by Kosh-Fashiona.	Mr. Bishop, I read an article	Charley.	Criticising Mendels law.	Emma Goldman.

FAREWELL CLASS POEM

LOUIS KASKIN.

Schoolmates, dearest schoolmates,
adieu;

We reach the parting of the
ways.

Each man must his own course
pursue

While the mind lingers on past
days.

Soon we will feel thrills of the
heart,

Knowing that we are soon to
part,

All must their varied courses trace,
All join life's eternal race.

Don't let fellowship's spirit die!

Let it live e'en though it slum-
bers;

Pledge now, recall in coming days!
While the scant hours here we
number.

Remember, if in years to come,

You have mastered torture and
fame,

Strive not to forget "Old Sixteen"

And our Alma Mater's good
name.

For here in pleasure we have spent.

Our happy days, youth's joyful
hours,

By duty bound, in friendship linked

Time sped, dispelling gloom's
dire powers.

Whether in joy or in sorrow,

Whate'er fortune and fate be-
tide;

Farm School, thee we will remem-
ber,

In thee sweet memories abide.

Farewell, our dear Alma Mater,

Good-bye, matrons and mentors,
too;

May peace and joy attend your
days

Success crown our labors, too.

THE GRADUATES

BENJ. WADE

Abrams, Chas. (age 23, Philadelphia). Full of hope, patience and perseverance, though nervous at intervals. During his stay at the school he took active interest in the Literary Society and was a member of the A. A.

Billig, Samuel J. (age 21, New York). He truly possessed the qualities of a leader. In his Junior year he was editor-in-chief and business manager of THE GLEANER and was manager of the track team. His senior year netted him the presidency of the Literary Society. He was class salutatorian.

Citron, Herman (age 20, Brooklyn, N. Y.). His athletic stature netted him a position on the class football team in the first and second years and class baseball team in the second year. He was also a member of the varsity football team for the last two years.

Dorfman, Samuel (age 20, New York). Good things come in small packages, and notwithstanding his diminutive size, he did big things. He participated in class baseball and football in his first and second years. Varsity baseball three years.

He was secretary of the Literary Society, treasurer of the class, cheer leader, and class and club editor of THE GLEANER in his second year. In the Senior year he was athletic editor and member of the Glee Club, and author of the Class Will.

Ellner, Joseph (age 19, New York). He had an abundance of courage and spirit. He was a member of the A. A., and GLEANER Association for three years. He also took active interest in the Mandolin and Glee Club in his last year.

Esrin, Benjamin H. (age 20, Washington, D. C.) Though flat-footed and somewhat clumsy, he gained recognition on the class football team in his first and second years. In his senior year he was class treasurer, president of the A. A. and cheer leader.

Feldman, Arthur L. (age 19, Everett, Mass.) Quiet and modest. Played football on the class team for two years, manager of that team in the second year, member of the class baseball team second year and varsity football for his last two years.

Fishlowitz, Victor K. (age 22, St. Louis, Mo.). His words are as congenial as his personality. In his Senior year he was literae editor of THE GLEANER, vice-president of the Literary Society, and author of Class Valedictory.

Fleishman, Leon J. (age 20, Philadelphia). During his stay at the school his bossing qualities easily manifested themselves. He was a member of the class football team in the second year, assistant business manager of THE GLEANER in his Senior year.

Goldman, Jack (age 20, St. Louis, Mo.). The personification of pluck and nerve. Though lacking in weight, he made the class football team in his second year, and the varsity football team in his third year.

Hancharow, Pincus (age 20, New York). You can break his heart, but you cannot break his dome. The latter proved a valuable asset in his football career. In his Freshman year he played football for his class, and was a member of the class track team. In the second year he was assistant business manager of THE GLEANER, on varsity football and track teams. The third year he was varsity football manager and member of the Literary Society.

Harkavy, Morris (age 20, New York). Speed king. His activities consisted of class football in first

and second years and varsity football in second and third years.

Kaskin, L. (age 22, Philadelphia). Though modest, he is confident of his abilities, even if you do call it conceit. He was class correspondent for THE GLEANER in his Freshman year, Exchange and Literae editor of THE GLEANER and president and secretary of A. A., president of the Literary Society, and author of class poem.

Kesselman, Ben (age 19, Brooklyn, N. Y.). A bully good fellow, with a keen sense of humor. In the junior year he was candy manager, and played on the class football team. In his Senior year he made the varsity football team, and was the author of the class prophecy.

Klevansky, Abe (age 19, Reading, Pa.). Always eager to display his knowledge. He participated in class baseball, football, and track in his first and second years. He made the varsity baseball in the second year, and manager of varsity track team in his third year. He was a loyal member of the Literary Society.

Levintov, Arthur S. (age 18, Philadelphia). His heart is as big as his hands. In the Freshman year he was treasurer of his class, member of the Literary Society, and on class football teams, and assistant business manager of THE GLEANER. In this third year he

was general manager of the A. A., and played varsity football. Also president of the A. A.

Magram, Nathan (age 19, New York). The youth with the golden smile. In his Junior year he was art and class and club editor of THE GLEANER, and secretary of the A. A. In the third year he was vice president of the A. A., member of the Mandolin Club, and author of class knocks and boosts.

Morcinis, William (age 20, New York). Good natured, but beware of his temper. In his first and second years he was a member of the class football and baseball teams, on the varsity football team in his second and third years. Cheer leader in his second year and tennis manager in his third year.

Orenhandler, Isaac. Strength and wisdom vary inversely. In his first and second year he played on the class baseball and football teams. In his third year he made the varsity football team.

Rubinoff, Louis (age 19, Pittsburgh). As stubborn as a mule. Played baseball for class in his second year, member of the Literary Society, and A. A. for three years.

Schwartz, Hyman (age 20, Cleveland). His only ambition is to be a leader. In the Junior year he was vice-president of the A. A. In his third year he was secretary of class and Literary Society.

Selector, Meyer (age 20, Philadelphia). A frequent visitor of your "mental home." Made the class baseball and track teams in his Freshman year. Played baseball and football second year, and was secretary of A. A. in his third year.

Shapera, Solomon (age 20, New York). He is as sweet as his music. Played baseball for his class in his first year. In the Junior year he was class baseball manager and on class football team. In the third year he was business manager of THE GLEANER, member of the Mandolin and Glee Clubs and deliverer of class valedictory.

Stamen, Harry (age 20, Chelsea, Mass.). The sight of September Morn would shock his naiveness. Played baseball and football on class team in his first and second years, and varsity football in his second and third years. He was also vice-president of the A. A. in his third year.

Toor, Cecil J. (age 19, Philadelphia). A good political and diplomatic leader. In the Freshman year he was vice-president of class and member of class track team. He was president of the class, captain of the class track team, and member of the class football team in his Junior year. He was president of the Senior class, manager of the varsity baseball team, and presenter of the "Hoe."

Wade, Benjamin (age 21, Brooklyn). Slow, but sure. He was secretary of class and Literary Society in the Freshman year; vice-president of class and Literary Society and exchange editor of THE GLEANER in his second year. In his Senior year he was vice-president of his class, president of the Literary Society, editor-in-chief of THE GLEANER, and class historian.

Wolf, Jesse (age 21, Philadelphia). He does not play baseball or football, but plays pinochle. He took great interest in the A. A. and Gleaner Association.

Zack, Harry J. (age 19, Brooklyn, N. Y.). Although a vegetarian, he likes chickens. He was a member of the Literary Society in his first year; candy manager in his second year, and agricultural editor of THE GLEANER in his Senior year.

WOULD IT NOT BE ODD

IF

Miss Borden quit talking?

The Glee Club ceased its raving?

Doc weighed 100 pounds?

A Freshman had brains?

Chickens laid eggplants?

Prof. Bishop was a union leader?

Reid did a day's work?

Kaplan were human?

LITERARY SOCIETY

With this issue the Literary Society closes another season, which may surely be termed successful. At the same time, a large number of its members will be lost by graduation, but their work during the stay in school yielded fruit with which to start another year of growth.

Let us now glance over the season's accomplishments. The winter and spring months were full of pep. First we welcomed the return of Kaskin to the association after a year's absence.

Through an unforeseen circumstance Mr. Wade was forced to hand his reins over to Billig, who filled the bill satisfactorily.

Saturday evening, April 17th, a well-executed mock trial was staged before the entire student body, which involved every member of the association, and certainly showed that the society had life.

A series of extemporaneous debates on capital punishment, armament and various social and economical topics marked the various meetings.

The freshmen class enlarged the membership of the society by the addition of several good men.

July 3 marked our second win in debating over New Britain on the subject of increased armament. Fischlowitz, Wade and Kaskin presented Farm School's side in good fashion and received a unanimous decision.

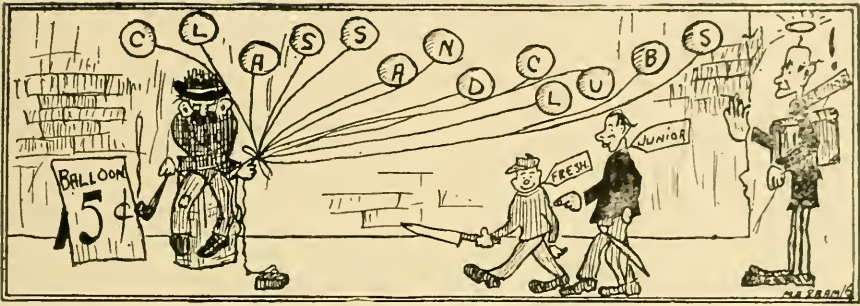
During the rest of the season we were treated to a few addresses by visitors, which were certainly appreciated by the society.

H. S., '16.



THE OUTGOING STAFF

STANDING—(left to right) H. Segal, M. Barnett, L. Fleishman, S. Shapera, Business Mgr.
SITTING—(left to right) N. Magram, V. K. Fischlowitz, B. Wade, Editor-in-Chief, G. Dorfman, H. Zack.



WM. NAEFACK, Editor

CLASS OF 1917

With the departure of this month we become "noble" Seniors. It reminds us of the responsibilities and duties, of the dignities and honors, that we are to possess. We are to occupy Segal Hall, the Senior table and the noted Greenhouse bench. We feel satisfied that we are able to shoulder the responsibilities and duties that confront us.

In looking over the following, it will be seen that the 1917 class has been quite active.

Out of the four interclass athletic conflicts, the Blue and Gold emerged with three victories.

We are very ably represented on THE GLEANER staff, as well as Athletic Association.

We also contributed our quota to the Literary Society.

Our members intend to show great interest in the newly organized Science Club.

We regret to state the departure of "Si" Belofsky, who has gone forth into the world.

In the first of this month elections for class officers were held and the following were chosen to represent the Senior class:

Matthew Kaufman, president.

Abraham Goldston, vice-president.

Abraham Camen, secretary.

We hope that our third year will prove a success and may we profit by it.

S. M. D.

CLASS OF 1918

We have held elections for the officers for our junior year, and the following have been chosen:

President, Sholom Sabath; vice president, Maurice Mayer; treasurer, Harry Fishman; secretary, David Rovinsky.

Preparations are steadily going on for our banquet under the care of an able committee. Every one is busy, and we expect it to be extremely successful.

J. L., '18.

GLEE CLUB

One of the most active clubs in this school is the Glee Club, under the able direction of Mr. Allman. The boys are making rapid strides toward the development of their voices and at the same time entertaining the student body.

On February 18 they will entertain some young ladies in New Britain and are practicing faithfully in order to make a "hit."

We regret that through graduation we shall lose Dorfman, Magram, Ellner and Shapera.

We hope that new material from the incoming Freshman class will be substituted in their place.

M. B., '17.

THE W. ATLEE BURPEE
SCIENCE CLUB

Hep! Hep! with pep! boys, if you wish to become a member of the newly organized Science Club. Don't be a dreamer and let this opportunity slip past because you think it is intended for your neighbor. We extend it to you, and we hope that you shall not be slow in realizing the fact.

With Mr. Allman as faculty adviser (and to whom much of the credit for the organization belongs), this club has bright prospects for a successful existence. It was organized primarily for broadening the students' knowledge of the applied sciences, which are predominant factors in modern agriculture; secondly, to promote progressiveness, unity and harmony in our circle. Incidentally it shall serve other good purposes for the individual. But to become a member of this club he must direct his capacities and abilities for improved scholastic work, which would only require a little effort, but which will bring great results. This would lead him to a better understanding of both his school relations and of his future line of endeavors.

To those who wish to join us, remember our purposes. Don't think that only officers and committee men have their duties. We strive to do the best for one another, and when work has a unity it is as much so in part as in the whole. Be a live wire and this Science Club shall be your batteries!

I. S., '17.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. ALLMAN

By BENJ. WADE

I—You are gaining prominence here at the school.

He—Well, I believe in action rather than words.

I—How are your organizations getting along?

He—Fairly well. One of the organizations expects to make an exhaustive study in scientific matrimony and in the raising of solid heads of cabbage.

I—Speaking of cabbage heads, how is your science club?

He—All right, thank you.

I—Do you expect to be successful with this club?

He—Positively. We have had a feed already.

I (astonished)—A feed! What did you do, nourish their brains?

He—Yes; and we expect to have them often, as they are sorely in need—

I—Of brains? By the way, how is your glee club?

He—Some of New Britain's old

maids asked me to ship them my glee club.

I—What do they want, worry?

He—No, sleep.

I—Why are you so despondent? What is troubling you?

He (with tears almost rolling down his cheeks and saturating his mustache)—Too bad that graduation will deprive me of a few singers.

I (comfortingly)—Well, wouldn't the incoming Freshmen net you a half-dozen first-class barkers?

He—Yes, but I lose Shapera, the biggest barker of them all.

I—Won't Pedro do?

He—Not as good as Shapera.

I—Well, I must bid you good-night and wish you better luck.

As a beauty I am not a star;
There are others more handsome
by far;

But my face I don't mind it,

For I am behind it—

The people in front get the jar.

Ex.

BY THE WAY

We hope that the Glee and the W. Atlee Burpee Science Clubs will award Prof. Allman with an "F" for his faithful service.

In order to carry on their scientific investigations successfully, the W. Atlee Burpee Science Club decided to have a feed and fill their bellies at every meeting. This is the only logical thing they can do to develop their brains and mentality.

The entrance requirements to the W. Atlee Burpee Science Club are:

Head—Solid, with hair long at base of brain to conceal the spinal column, 3 units.

Forehead—Exceedingly narrow and must project forward to shade the eyebrows, 3 units.

Mouth—Big, with a slight curvature, 2 units.

Belly — Spacious, to absorb knowledge, 3 units.

Digestion—Vigorous and excellent, 4 units.

Applicants must come provided with head gears.

Doc.'s latest portrait is on ex-

hibition in Prof. Prouty's room.

Kaskin's talk on matrimony before the W. Atlee Burpee Science Club was highly entertaining.

Our Glee Club is making great progress—in chin music.

From a picture of the Glee Club which appears in this issue of THE GLEANER, it seems that their physiognomies are as pleasant and inviting as their bellowings.

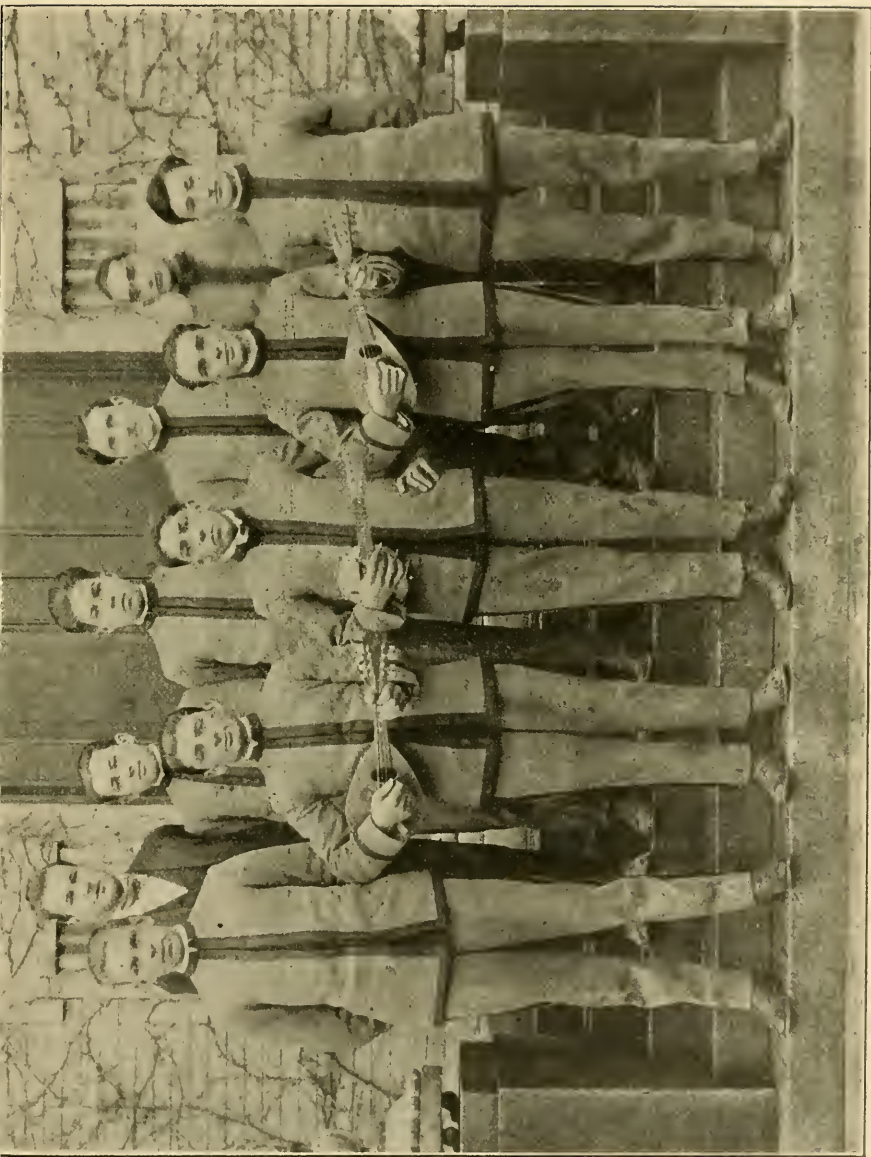
No doubt Prof. Allman has done great things since his arrival here, but to create a Science Club out of lunkheads and a Glee Club out of a dozen barkers is even beyond his capacity.

One of the brainy youths of the Science Club has already discovered that the calves raised from steers are very profitable.

No, Gentle Reader, the membership of the Science Club does not consist of All-man; only its leader.

Pleasant reflections — Kaskin climbing a willow tree.

The motto of our science club—
"When do we eat?" B. W.



GLEE CLUB

UPPER ROW —(Left to right) Altman, Radler, Reid, Kesselman, Brenner.
LOWER ROW —(Left to right) Kashowsky, Ellner, Shapera, Margam, Barnet.

SENIORS' AUCTION SALE

On Sunday, January 23, the Seniors' Annual Auction Sale was held in Segal Hall. There were many things, which sold for thousands of dollars, but we have not time to write about it. There was a large crowd, due, no doubt, to the balmy weather. People flocked together from as far as the Main Building and Penn Hall.

Sol Shapiro was chosen auctioneer, as he claimed to be experienced in the business. As a matter of fact, we don't believe him.

The first thing sold was a beautiful "dull-edge" razor. This magnificent article, which was only used a few times to free Dorfman's chin appendages, sold for six cents.

The second piece of rubbish to go under the hammer was a hat, size 9½. Burger bought it for twenty-seven cents. The reason he made this purchase is because his head is somewhat puffed and swelling.

"Colonel Shap" then auctioned off three pictures, one of which

was "October Night." The crowd was so anxious to get the picture that "Shap" made use of it himself. He certainly appreciates art.

When about ready to auction off a pair of slightly worn shoes, they actually walked off the table. This was too much for the crowd. Besides, the fragrant odor was not a convincing argument, and the article was declared unsalable.

The main attraction of the sale was the disposal of a masterpiece, entitled "Doc Washburn." This certainly was an art. The prominent belly, heavy mustache and pleasing disposition were easily discernible. Mr. Prouty, an authority on art, purchased it for three "kopecks."

That long-legged fellow, Perlman, bought two pairs of ice skates in order that he might enjoy the sport. According to his own story, one pair will be placed on his pedal extremities, while the other pair will be used as a shock absorber.

MAXWELL BARNET, '17.

CURRENT EVENTS

The call for morning details finds
you dull,

You speedily decide it's best not to
go at all.

Crawling under blankets, you mur-
mur, "sick."

And, brazen-cheeked, ask for
luncheon "quick!"

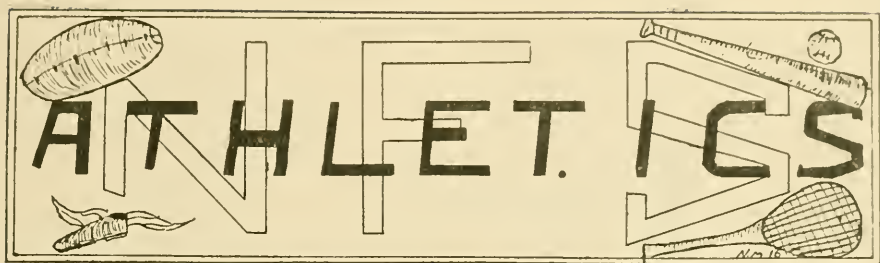
Mother Abrams produces—a stock
of pills,

Guaranteed to kill or cure all fake
ills.

Prof. Fancourt pulls your tongue
and tells aloud

Of a man who died because he
made a shroud.

Naturally, you soon tire of a sick
 man's game
 And wish to devise a way to shift
 the blame.
 You hurriedly dude out in all your
 fancy attire
 And from the scene of guilt and
 crime retire.
 You learn from classmates assem-
 bly is announced
 And hurry thither and hear your
 doom pronounced.
 You gink! Dub! Duffer! Dunce!
 thunders Doc;
 Your heart stops beating and feels
 like a rock.
 Class you attend and hear sage
 wisdom expound,
 Of a hen's egg, talks Nate, which
 weighed a pound.
 Old Bossie you'll hear our Ben
 Ezrin denounce;
 She can't lay an egg scaling an
 ounce.
 Of pure bred cows talks Sweitzer,
 and ready to bet
 That many are known to milk pure
 butter fat.
 Prof. Bishop smiles, and Abrams
 takes the floor,
 From an article tells of a horse
 who opened a door.
 And now it's dinner, you await a
 pleasant repast.
 You smell—sigh, then wish school-
 days past.
 Governor Prouty announces shoes
 to be repaired.
 A reefer lost, a book mislaid, and
 rooms to be aired.
 You see Doc Washburn and try to
 tell him why,
 Persistently he tells you how once
 he raised rye.
 "Excellent food!" says he, "though
 it made the cattle thin."
 And you decide right off the Doc
 W. will win.
 P. M. passes getting ready to cut
 fodder,
 While a wise botanist tells of a
 harmless dodder.
 You indignantly declare that you
 worked too hard,
 And forget that the engine hasn't
 made a start.
 Detail time finds you stout and
 strong,
 And you hasten to do chores with
 the throng.
 You snatch a curricomb, but learn
 by observation.
 Use it? Heavens, no! It may
 cause skin abrasion.
 You argue with Mr. Kraft and
 almost win.
 Great Scott! Mr. Bishop appears
 on the scene.
 He calls you "kiddie" and exam-
 ines your steed
 And says dusty horses will not en-
 dure speed.
 You wait and hear the Five-twenty-
 five,
 And hasten back home, fresh and
 alive.
 By and by you hear the chimes
 and hurry,
 It's supper time and all are in a
 flurry.
 And now it's evening, the stars
 shine in all their glory;
 You talk of Confucius and sages
 wise and hoary.
 Soft evening breezes mellow your
 rebellion to a point,
 You readily admit "N. F. S. ain't
 sich a bad joint."
 You go to your room and firmly
 resolve to learn,
 But somehow for Segal Hall and
 chinning you yearn;
 So with temptation you struggle
 and lose,
 The lights go out and you return
 to snooze. L. KASKIN.



CHAS. WAGNER, Jr.-Editor

ATHLETIC HISTORY OF 1915

Gazing over the records of last year's sports, we are led to believe that it was one of the most successful seasons Farm School has ever had. With the excellent support of the students, the teams were able to win many a hard-fought battle.

BASEBALL

The call of spring found many ball-tossers out to find berths on the 'varsity. Every one was enthusiastic, which accounts for our successful team. With a nucleus of six veterans, Kaufman, our captain, was able to construct a nine of caliber that was in a class by itself. The infield was exceptionally well balanced. Perkasio High

School ushered in the baseball season and yielded to us by the one-sided score of 11-1. The schedule was as follows:

April 24, Perkasio H. S., 1; Farm School, 11. May 1, U. of P. Engineers, 5; Farm School, 14. May 8, Phillipsburg H. S., 1; Farm School, 5. May 15, Abington H. S., 1; Farm School, 21. May 18, Ambler H. S., 3; Farm School, 24. May 25, Camp Arden, 0; Farm School, 18. June 12, Baron de Hirsh, 9; Farm School, 8. June 26, Girard College, 5; Farm School, 3. Total—Opponents, 25; Farm School, 104.

TENNIS

Tennis being a minor sport in this school, not much attention is paid toward it. We were, nevertheless, successful in this sport. We played the strong Camp Arden team, both singles and doubles, and were successful in each.

We managed to come out even in the games arranged with the Chestnut Grove team.

So end our athletic activities for last year! With plenty of veterans on hand, the prospects for the year 1916 look

FOOTBALL

With plenty of "pep" and spirit from our 200 rooters, Farm School opened its 1915 season. The first two games which we played were glorious defeats. Not stopped by this, the football aggregation marched on to victory throughout the rest of the season. Farm School is noted for its spirit, and this last year we proved it. With practically all green material, our worthy coach, "Jimmy" Work, built a team of unparalleled merit. Although the schedule was the hardest ever attempted by Farm School, our pluck won us six games out of eight, which is as good a showing as any team anywhere could want.

The schedule follows:

Sept. 26—Williams T. S., 12; N. F. S., 7

Oct. 2—Ursinus (Reserves), 6; N. F. S., 0.

" 16—Villanova Prep., 0; N. F. S., 12.

" 25—Perkasie H. S., 0; N. F. S., 37.

" 30—N. J. State Normal, 0; N. F. S., 13.

Nov. 6—Allentown H. S., 0; N. F. S., 20.

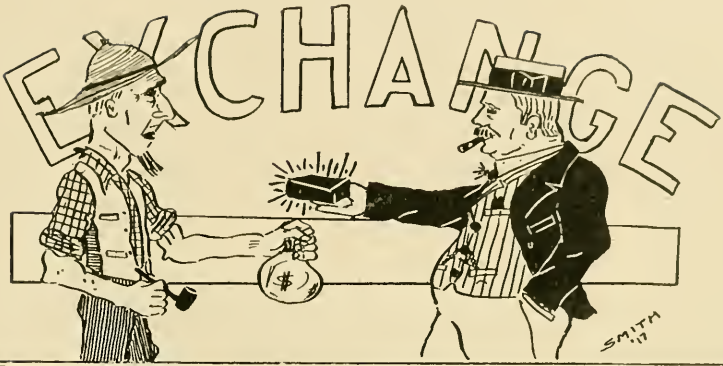
" 17—Penn Military College (Reserves), 0; N. F. S., 20.

" 25—P. I. D., 2; N. F. S., 7.

Total—Opponents, 20; N. F. S., 116.

Sept. 26, Williamson T. S., 12; Farm School, 7. Oct. 2, Ursinus Reserves, 6; Farm School, 0. Oct. 16, Villa Nova Prep., 0; Farm School, 12. Oct. 25, Perkasie H. S., 0; Farm School, 37. Oct. 30, N. J. State Normal, 0; Farm School, 13. Nov. 6, Allentown H. S., 0; Farm School, 20. Nov. 17, P. M. C. Reserves, 0; Farm School, 20. Nov. 25, P. I. D., 2; Farm School, 7. Total—Opponents, 20; Farm School, 116.

On December 14 the interclass football game was staged, which resulted in a crushing defeat for the 1918 squad. The strong 1917 team had the Freshmen continually on the jump. The highest interclass football score to date was rolled up—69-0.



HARRY SHUFFMAN, Editor

The graduation of a number of THE GLEANER staff leads us to a few moments of reflection over the slow, fluctuating, yet steady, growth of this, our school journal. While the paper has not reached the zenith of perfection, still, the recent general improvement is due to the untiring efforts of the retiring staff, and particularly to the kindly criticisms of our Exchange friends.

Therefore, we, the new members of THE GLEANER staff, wish to take this opportunity of thanking our friends for the friendly relationships existing in the past, and of requesting a continuance of the same in the ensuing year.

We gratefully beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Orange and Black*, *Irvinian*, *Red and Black*, *Hilltop*, *Southron*, *Archive*, *Garnet and White*, *H. A. S. Record*, *Polyana*, *The Red and Blue*, *Shamokin Review*, *Brown and White*, *The Bulletin* (Montclair, N. J.), *The Cour-*

ier, *Signal* (N. J. State Normal), *The Review* (Phila. Trades School), *The Iris*, *The Pivot*, *The Student* (Covington, Ky.), *The Blue Bird*, *The Oracle* (Cincinnati, O.), *Breccia*, *The Mirror* (Bethlehem, Pa.), *The Student* (Portsmouth, Va.), *Delaware College Review*.

Garnet and White—We agree with you in your attitude concerning the adoption of resolutions to take advantage of early opportunities. It is but too true that a very large number of students in all schools are exceedingly wasteful of "golden minutes," and your comment upon this student weakness, we believe, is very timely.

The Student (Covington, Ky.)—Your paper has very good material and your departments are well conducted. But do you not think that the use of finer paper and the addition of a "Table of Contents" will produce a marked improvement?

WITH OUR GRADUATES

Once again a class has finished its course and is leaving the sheltering walls of its Alma Mater. That it is the desire upon the part of its members to follow their various paths in life in accordance with the ideals instilled in them at the school is unquestioned; and we, their schoolmates, look forward to encouragement from them, hoping that, through our school Alumni Association, they will keep in close contact with their Alma Mater and with us, who are soon to follow.

Charles Horn, '06, secretary and treasurer of the National Farm School Alumni Association, is looking forward with pleasure to the enrollment of those who are to depart. No doubt, these new members will take a most active interest in making this school organization a strong and stable body.

Emanuel Malis, who was recently employed in the Horticultural Department of the California Fair,

is now the superintendent of grounds and assistant horticulturist in the California Polytechnic School, San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Harry Rich, '02, who has been so very successful since his graduation, as a tobacco expert, writes that the farm of 180 acres he is managing for the American Tobacco Co. in Connecticut has produced a crop valued at \$125,000.00.

David A. Friedman, '12, is completing his senior year in the Utah State Agricultural College, Logan, Utah.

Morris Druckerman, '12, paid us a visit during the Christmas vacation. He is perfecting himself in farm management at the Maryland Agricultural College.

Victor Yoffe, ex-'17, is managing M. Moskowitz's ('07) farm at Neshaminy, Pa., where he is building up a herd of productive Holsteins.

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